THIRTEENTH EDITION.

WOODMAN! SPARE THAT TREE!

A Ballad.

THE POETRY BY

GEORGE P. MORRIS, ESQ

by whom this Song is dedicated to

BENJAMIN M. BROWN ESQ.

Price 50 Cts net

The Music composed by

HENRY RUSSELL

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Woodman, spare that Tree!

In presenting this Song to the public, — The Publishers, at the suggestion of Mr. Russell, take the liberty of accompanying it with the following touching Letter. —

New-York Mirror Office, Feb. 1, 1837.

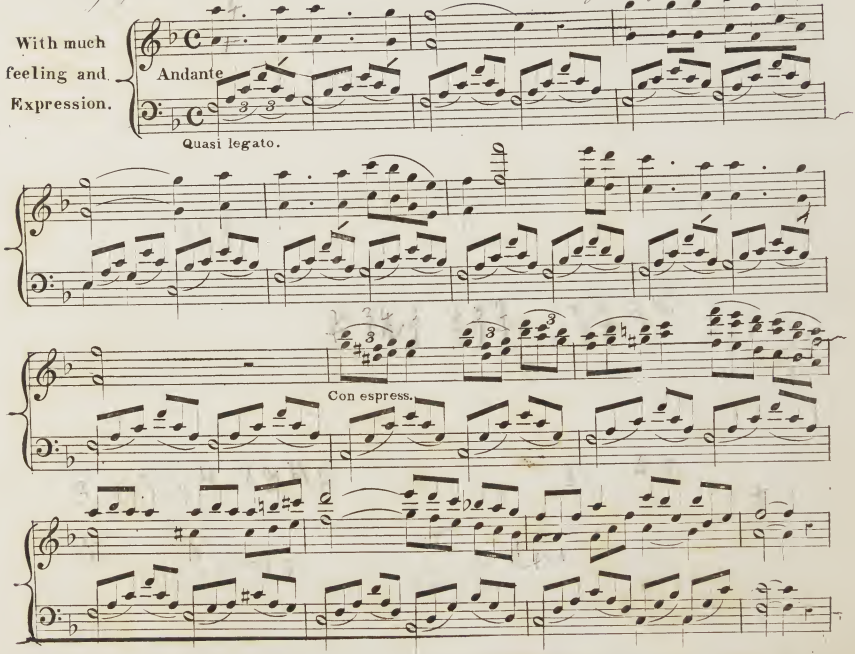
My Dear Sir,

You did me the honor to request some lines of mine for music, and at the moment being delighted with your fine voice and exquisite taste in singing, I said I would write you a song. Now I think with our friend Hawtrey, that a song given, when it can be kept, admits not of chance, and is by consent or forbearance of those who hold it, and so I have been so good as to my word, as you will perceive by the enclosure of "The Oak." I hope it will answer your purpose; but me tell you how I came to have an old tree for my subject. Riding out of town a few days since, in company with a friend who was once the experienced hunter of the largest estate in America, but ever whose worldly prospects a blight has recently spread, he invited me to turn down a lately romantic woodland pass, to the river Housatonic. I, "No my poor mother's sold it, and I believed a slight yawn of the lip at the recollection of that circumstance. "Dear mother! remembered companions, we passed many happy hours in that old cottage, but it is nothing to me now—father, mother, sisters, cottage—all, all gone, and a palace, overspread his late residence, and a mist came to his eyes as he spoke. — But yet a moment passes, he said. Don't think me foolish. I don't know how it is I never ride out but I turn down this lane, to look at that old tree. I have a thousand recollections about it, and I always greet it as a familiar and well-remembered friend. In the hottest summer time it was a friend indeed. I often retired to the cool, secluded shade of my parents there, and I have had such gambols with my sisters. No leaves are all so low, so you front me it to hold the advantage for it is a picturesque old fellow in summer, but I like it full as well in very winter too. Many a wonder were curious idiots, when my companion cried out. "There it is" and he sprang from his saddle and ran toward it. I soon overtook him wondering at his haste, but what not my sight made it no wonder. Near the tree stood an old man with his coat off, sharpening an axe. He was the occupant of the cottage. "What are you going to do with that axe? Whats that to you," was the reply. "Hold, master, but not much power not going to cut it down surely." Yes but I am, though said the Wood man. What for inquired my companion, almost choked with emotion. "What for? why because I think proper to do so—what for? I like that. Well, Well you what for this tree makes me doubting unhealthy, it stands too near the house, prevents the moisture from exhaling, and renders us all liable to fever and ague. Who told you that? Why Dr. ——" "Have you any other reason for wishing to cut it down? Yes I am getting old, the wind blows, are a great way off, and this tree is of some use to me to burn." He was soon convinced, however, that the story about the fever and ague was a mere fiction, for there never had been a case of that disease in its neighbourhood, and then was asked what the tree is as worth for firewood. "Why when it is down about ten dollars. Suppose I should give you that sum would you let it stand? For 5 years sure of that." I venture. Then draw me a bond to that effect. I drew it up, it was witnessed by his daughter, the money was paid, and we left the place with an assurance from the young girl, who looked as smiling and beautiful as a Hebe, that the tree should stand as long as she lived. We return ed to the turnpike and pursued our ride. These circumstances made a strong impression upon me, and had furnished me with the materials for the song I send you. I hope you will take it and pardon me for this long and hurried letter.

With sentiments of respect, I remain, yours, very truly,

Henry Russell, Esq. *Geo. P. Morris.*

Poetry by Geo. P. Morris, Esq.r *Music by Henry Russell*



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Wood . . . man spare that tree! . . . . . Touch not a sin . . . gle

bough; In youth it shel . . . . ter'd me, ... And

I'll pro . tect it now; 'Twas my fore . fa . . . thers

hand, ... That plac'd it near his cot, There

wood....man let it stand,..... Thy axe shall harm it

not!

2d Verse.

That old fa-mil.....iar .tree,..... Whose glo.....ry and re...

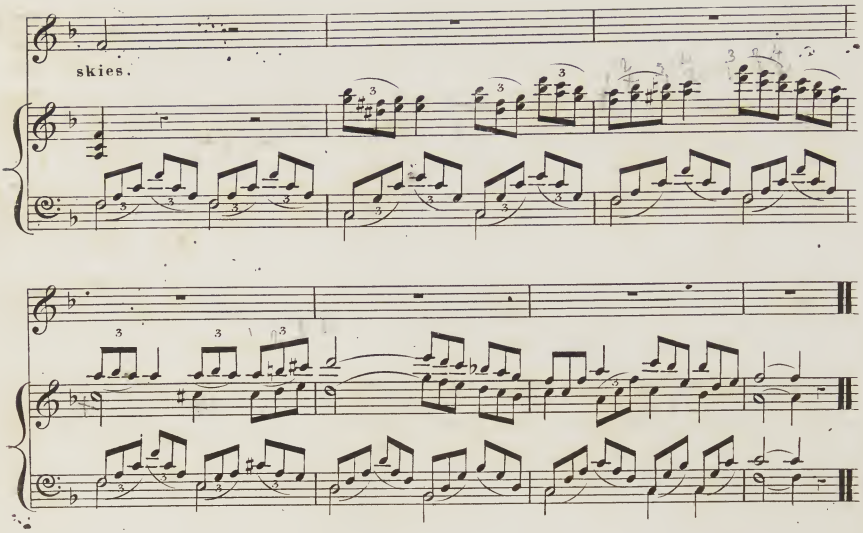
nown, Are spread o'er land and sea,..... And

CON ANIMA.

would'st thou hack it down. Wood-man forbear thy

stroke!.... Cut not its earth bound ties; Oh!

spare that a-----ged oak,..... Now tow'---ring to the



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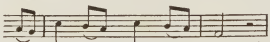
When but an idle boy,
I sought its grateful shade;
In all their gushing joy,
Here, too, my sisters played:
My mother kiss'd me here;
My father press'd my hand,
Forgive this foolish tear,



But let that old oak stand!

4

My heart-strings round thee cling,
Close as thy bark, old friend!
Here shall the wild-bird sing,
And still thy branches bend.
Old tree! the storm still brave.
And woodman leave the spot;
While I've a hand to save,
Thy axe shall harm it not.

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